Yet God before, we will come on,
If *France* and such another neighbor stood in our way;
If we may passe, we will; if we be hindered,
We shal your tawny grouñd with your red blood discolour
So *Montioy* get you gone, there's for your paines:
The sum of all our answere is but this,
We would not seeke a battle as we are;
Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it.

Herald. I shall deliuer so: thanks to your Maiesty.

Glost. My Liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

King. We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs;
To night we will encampe beyond the bridge,
And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exit.*

Enter Burbon, Constable, Orleance, and Gebon.

Con. Tut, I haue the best armour in the world.

Orleance. You haue an excellent armour,
But let my horse haue his due.

Bur. Now you talke of a horse,
I haue a steed like the Palfrey of the sunne,
Nothing but pure aire and fire,
And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.

Orleance. He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Bur. And of the heate of the Ginger.
Turne all the sands into eloquent tongues,
And my horse is argument for them all:
I once writ a Sonnet in the praise of my horse,
And began thus, Wonder of nature.

Con. I haue heard a Sonnet begin so,
In the praise of ones Mistresse.

Bur. Why then did they imitate
That which I writ in praise of my horse,
For my horse is my Mistresse.

Con. Ma foy the other day, me-thought
Your Mistresse shooke you shrewdly.

Bur.

Bur. I, bearing me. I tell thee Lord Constab
My Mistresse weares her owne haire.

Con. I could make as good a boast of that,
If I had a Sow to my Mistresse.

Bur. Tut, thou wilt make vse of any thing.

Con. Yet I do not vse my horse for my Mistre

Bur. Will it neuer be morning?
Ile ride too morrow a mile,
And my way shall be paued with english face

Con. By my faith so will not I,
For feare I be out-faced of my way.

Bur. Well, ile go arme my selfe; hay.

Gebon. The Duke of *Burbon* longs for morni

Orleance. I, he longs to eate the English.

Con. I thinke hee'l eate all he kils.

Orlean. O peace, ill will neuer said well.

Con. Ile cap that Prouerbe,
With there's flattery in friendship.

Orle. O sir, I can answer that,
With giue the Diuell his due.

Con. Haue at the eye of that Prouerbe,
With a iogge of the Diuell.

Orle. Well, the Duke of *Burbon* is simply
The most actiue Gentleman of *France*.

Con. Doing his actiuity, and hee'l still be d

Orle. He neuer did hurt as I heard off.

Con. No I warrant you, nor neuer will.

Orle. I hold him to be exceeding valiant.

Con. I was told so by one that knowes him you.

Orle. Whose that?

Con. Why he told me so himselfe.
And said he cared not who knew it.

Orle. Well, who will go with me to hazar
For a hundred English prisoners?

Con. You must go to hazard your selfe,